Baltha. Madam, I goe with all conuenient ſpeede.

Portia Come on *Nerriſſa*, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of; weele ſee our husbands
before they thinke of vs?

Nerriſſa. Shall they ſee vs?

Portia. They ſhall *Nerriſſa*: but in ſuch a habite,
that they ſhall thinke we are accompliſhed
vvith that we lacke; Ile hold thee any wager
vvhen we are both accoutered like young men,
ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
and weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
and ſpeake betweene the change of man and boy,
vvith a reede voyce, and turne two minſing ſteps
into a manly ſtride; and ſpeake of frayes
like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes
how honorable Ladies ſought my loue,
vvhich I denying, they fell ſicke and dyed.
I could not doe withall: then ile repent,
and wiſh for all that, that I had not killd them;
And twenty of theſe punie lies ile tell,
that men ſhall ſweare I haue diſcontinued ſchoole
aboue a twelue-moneth: I haue within my minde
a thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging Iacks,
vvhich I will practiſe.

Nerriſſ. Why, ſhall we turne to men?

Portia. Fie, what a queſtion's that,
if thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:
But come, ile tell thee all my my whole deuice
vvhen I am in my coach, which ſtayes for vs
at the Parke gate; and therefore haſt away,
for we muſt meaſure twenty miles to day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne and Ieſſica.

Clowne. Yes truly, for looke you, the ſinnes of the Father are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promiſe you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and ſo now I ſpeake my agitation of the matter: therefore be a good chere, for truly I thinke you are damnd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you any good, and that

that is but a kinde of baſtard hope neither.

Ieſſica. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clowne. Marry you may partly hope that your Father got you not, that you are not the Iewes daughter.

Ieſſica. That were a kind of baſtard hope in deede, ſo the ſinnes of my mother ſhould be viſited vpon me.

Clowne. Truly then I feare you are damnd both by father and mother: thus when I ſhun *Scilla* your father, I fall into *Caribdis* your mother; well, you are gone both wayes.

Ieſſica. I ſhall be ſau'd by my husband, he hath made me a Chriſtian?

Clowne. Truly the more to blame he, we were Chriſtians enow before, in as many as could well liue one by another: this making of Chriſtians will raiſe the price of Hogs, if we grow all to be pork eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly haue a raſher on the coles for mony.

Enter Lorenzo.

Ieſſi. Ile tell my husband *Launcelet* what you ſay, here he come?

Loren. I ſhall grow iealious of you ſhortly *Launcelet*, if you thus get my wife into corners?

Ieſſica. Nay, you needs not feare vs *Lorenzo*, *Launcelet* and I are out, he tells me flatly there's no mercy for mee in heauen, becauſe I am a Iewes daughter: and he ſayes you are no good member of the common-wealth, for in conuerting Iewes to Chriſtians, you raiſe the price of porke.

Loren. I ſhall anſwere that better to the common-wealth than you can the getting vp of the Negroes belly: the Moore is vvith child by you *Launcelet*?

Clowne. It is much that the Moore ſhould be more then reaſon: but if ſhe be leſſe then an honeſt woman, ſhe is indeede more then I tooke her for.

Loren. How euery foole can play vpon the word, I thinke the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turne into ſilence, and diſcourſe grow commendable in none onely but Parrats: goe in ſirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clowne. That is done ſir, they haue all ſtomacks?

Loren. Goodly Lord what a wit ſnapper are you, than bid them prepare dinner?